

San Jacinto

Peter Gabriel

Thick cloud, steam rising, hissing stone on sweat lodge fire
Around me, buffalo roam, sage in bundle, run on skin
Outside, cold air, stand, wait for rising sun
Red paint, eagle feathers, coyote calling, it has begun
Something moving in, I taste it in my mouth and in my heart
It feels like dying, slow, letting go of life
Medicine man lead me up though town, Indian ground, so far down
Cut up land, each house, a pool, kids wearing water wings, drink in cool
Follow dry river bed, watch Scout and Guides make pow-wow signs
Past Geronimo's disco, Sit 'n' Bull steakhouse, white men dream
A rattle in the old man's sack, look at mountain top, keep climbing up
Way above us the desert snow, white wind blow
I hold the line, the line of strength that pulls me through the fear
San Jacinto, I hold the line
San Jacinto, the poison bite and darkness take my sight, I hold the line
And the tears roll down my swollen cheek, think I'm losing it, getting weaker
I hold the line, I hold the line
San Jacinto, yellow eagle flies down from the sun, from the sun
We will walk, on the land
We will breathe, of the air
We will drink, from the stream
We will live, hold the line
Hold the line
Hold the line

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